

WOMAN AND HOME.

WOMAN SIGN PAINTER.

She is Reputed to Be Far More Daring Than Most Men.

The newest woman in Miss Edna Waymack, of Cleveland, O. Hers is the distinction of being the only feminine out of door sign painter in the United States.

Miss Waymack hesitates at nothing in her line of business, no matter how arduous the work. She has painted huge advertising signs on the face of perilously steep cliffs, a task few men would undertake. Many large spaces, such as barn sides, the roofs of houses and the like, scattered all over the country, testify to the ability of this young woman as a realistic brush-wielder.

She is perfectly at ease on ladder or scaffold, and she can scale a taut rope in a way to make an old tar blush with envy. Swinging before the precipitous face of a mountain, she often works for hours laying on alphabetical color schemes with a steady hand and a touch that never loses its evenness.

Miss Waymack has many large contracts for big natural canvases which she hopes to fulfill this summer. For the most part, her signs are made in the interests of several large tobacco firms.

The most daring piece of sign painting she has ever undertaken is the lettering on the rough surface of a cliff at Bellefontaine, O. This rock looms up above the surrounding meadow for a distance of some 350 feet with a sheer fall of 300 feet to the base of the cliff. For four days Miss Waymack swung at the top of this dizzy height, spending about eight hours each day on the big sign she had engaged to paint.

Every day, and all day long, a throng of men, women and children gathered at the foot of the hill watching the woman artist at work in the upper air.

Miss Waymack is accustomed to this sort of thing, however, and is not the least bit disturbed by the curious crowds that usually watch her opera-



WOMAN SIGN PAINTER AT WORK.

tions and pass critical comment upon her work.

The working costume of the intrepid artist consists of a short serviceable skirt of blue serge, a "jumper" of the same material and a Tam o' Shanter cap pulled well down over the face to keep out the rays of the sun. In manipulating her brushes, Miss Waymack wears a pair of coarse mittens, a characteristically feminine fact, just as are the dainty patent leather boots that encase her small feet. Her apparel is always scrupulously neat, scarcely a paint speck being noticeable on her garments.

Miss Waymack has been pursuing her unique career as a sign painter since 1893, and has traveled more and further than is the case with most business women. She is a comely blonde, and has enjoyed a good common school education. Being a bright conversationalist and a clever pianist, she is much sought after in the quiet social circles of Bellefontaine, where she lives with her aged mother.—N. Y. Sunday Journal.

HER INCREASED RIGHTS.

Eminent Jurists Come to the Rescue of Down-trodden Woman.

Slowly woman is winning her contested rights. A few months since a Cleveland judge decided in a case where the wife has money and the husband has none, the former is responsible for the latter's tailor bills, a recognition of woman's equality before the law that occasioned great rejoicing among suffragists—and tailors. And now comes Judge Gibbons, of Chicago, with a decision in a divorce suit even more far-reaching. In the case before his honor, the plaintiff was a woman of means, while the husband was a penniless invalid. The husband applied for alimony and was given it, the judge saying that "every reason of right, justice and morals is in favor of the proposition that the duties which the husband and wife owe to each other are reciprocal." The light is breaking. It only remains for a second Daniel to come to judgment and give some down-trodden husband a divorce from his wife on the ground of non-support to fill the brim of woman's cup of joy and give her a realizing sense of the new dignity of perfect equality. But when the law begins to make non-voting wives pay alimony to their voting husbands, it is about time that even so blindfolded a goddess as Justice sees that woman is a real creature who has an individual existence.—Womankind.

MEXICO'S "FIRST LADY."

Senora Diaz Is a Famous Type of Her Country's Beauty.

There is an air of dolce far niente about the life of a Mexican woman. There is no breathless scramble for distinction, and any effort to outvie her neighbors is considered essentially vulgar. Many graceful little social customs brighten the path of everyday intercourse. Among these is the universal use of the Christian name between acquaintances and friends, a familiarity which is emphasized by the affectionate diminutive. Luisa becomes "Luisita," without any preceding title—a custom which seems strange to a foreigner, particularly when he hears married women thus addressed by young men of their circle. Another



SENORA DIAZ.

pretty fashion is the abrazo with which friends greet—a delicate embrace, accompanied by a caressing pat on the shoulder, and light kisses on either cheek.

A famous type of the beauty of her race is Senora Carmen Rubio de Diaz, wife of Gen. Porfirio Diaz, president of the Mexican republic. She is a daughter of the late Romero Rubio, who at the time of his death held the important post of minister of the interior. She is Gen. Diaz' second wife, and was married to him in her early youth. She is still a young woman, though she has filled the position of "first lady of the land" for many years, and with marked success. She has the national dark eyes, olive complexion and wealth of lustrous black hair. She is of middle height and slender, graceful build, and her manners are very winning. As is the universal custom among the wealthy classes in Mexico, she orders her gowns from Paris, but her dress is always of quiet elegance. Her tact and brilliant abilities are influential factors in political and social circles. In Mexico the president's wife never gives public receptions, and her social duties are less onerous than those of our own white house; but Senora Diaz seems to consider that her elevated station holds her pledged to the well being of her people, and devotes herself assiduously to charitable work. She has founded several institutions for the aid of working women, and for the helpless and homeless. Dona Carmencita, as she is familiarly called, is regarded everywhere as the very impersonation of gracious benevolence. Her sister, Senorita Sofia Romero Rubio, has a charming face and pleasing manners and has many American friends.—Munsey's Magazine.

Color Baths for Nervous Women.

There have been sun baths and mud baths, sulphur baths and Turkish baths, Russian baths and alcohol baths, but the color bath is the latest novelty and a positive fad among women with sensitive nerves. Color baths are said to reach closer to the real nerve tissue than any other means of cure. They are taken in small compartments, like vapor baths. At the back of the patient is an aperture where a large slide of colored glass may be inserted or removed at will. Directly behind the slide in each bath is a huge electric arc light that buzzes and glows in its white globe and turns the bath into a miniature lighthouse. The colors are chosen as one might choose medicines, and the patient sits bathed in a glory of the shade calculated to quiet her nerves or stimulate her vitality. The treatment lasts from one to three-quarters of an hour, and then follows 15 minutes' rest in a darkened room.

Treatment for a New Broom.

There is a great deal common everyday sense in the old saying: "A new broom sweeps clean" beyond its application to a strange servant. If you examine a new broom you will find the ends of the straws and the base of the brush square; after it has been in use for some time the straws become sharp as needles, and likely to injure the carpet. To remove these sharp points dip the broom in hot suds and trim it off neatly, thus preserving the square shape.

Not Ashamed to Wash Dishes.

In a recent sketch of Blawhorne by his daughter we are told that in his early married life he helped his wife, who was not strong, by doing the housework. He washed the dishes, cleaned knives and cooked. All this he did without "silly innuendoes and sudden snarlings." The great romancer's good sense put to shame some lesser lights in literature who have counted it a thing common and unclean to wash with their hands, except in using the pen.

WILL SUPPORT M'KINLEY.

A Silver Mine Owner's Reason for Opposing Bryan.

An owner in a great silver mine who believes in a gold standard and the immortal principles of an "honest dollar." A holder of one-fifth of the stock in a body of silver that has \$100,000,000 worth of bullion in sight who says that Bryan is but a charlatan, and the silver craze but an empty political movement which will be forgotten in a year! A gentleman who is intrusted with the interests of others in this mine so that he practically controls it who believes that the free silver movement is the veriest rubbish and would not change the situation for silver miners! And a man who was a sponsor at the christening of Leadville. Such a person lives in Detroit and is widely known and respected here for his sound judgment. He is Capt. William H. Stevens.

"I do not believe in free silver," he said. "I believe in 'sound money' and an 'honest dollar.' These matters of silver and gold will regulate themselves. Silver has gone down. Very well; more gold is being produced. Last year \$60,000,000 in gold was produced in the United States as opposed to \$30,000,000 the year before. Soon silver will go up again, and we will resume business at our mine. I am 78 years old, and will live to see our mine operated most profitably. I would buy more stock in it today if I had the available cash. There is now about \$22 per capita in the country. We could easily stand \$30, redeemable in gold. I want to see all silver redeemable in gold. Of course we can't pay our debts in silver. All such talk is idiotic.

"Our vein or body of ore is 1,200 feet long, 400 feet in width and 100 feet deep, so far as we know. That is it contains 18,000,000 cubic feet of good

WHEAT GOES UP, SILVER DOWN.

The Grain in Greater Demand Than the Metal.

The reason silver does not go up in price with wheat at this time is plain enough. The people of the British Isles do not want silver to eat. There is no known way by which silver can be cooked and eaten. It cannot be ground into flour, nor made into bread or cake. The entire silver product of the world might be landed on the wharfs of Liverpool or London without adding one cent's worth to the stock of food on which the British people must draw for their daily sustenance for the next 12 months. It follows that, even though all the wheat crops of other countries failed in toto, leaving our American wheat crop as the only source of supply the British people would not pay one cent per ounce more for our silver, or for any other country's silver, on that account. Wheat might go to famine prices in England, and would do so in the case supposed, yet silver would not go to famine prices, because, for the purpose of averting famine, silver is as useless and valueless as coal or iron. The price of silver never has ruled, and never can rule, the price of wheat. There is no price relation between the two products. Silver has gone down for the same reason that wheat has gone down in the past 25 years, because there has been more of it produced than could be sold at the old price of 1871.

There is no power in the government nor in legislation to make things that are constantly being produced in greater quantities and at lower cost sell for as high prices as when they were produced in far less abundance and at much greater cost. If our farmers of our wage-earners allow themselves to be tricked with the promise that the government can raise the price of their



UNCLE SAM—"FOOD FOR THOUGHT, MR. FARMER."

ore. When silver was \$1.29 an ounce we were able to pay \$400,000 in dividends annually. When it went down to 80 cents we could just pay our way. When it reached 75 cents we lost money, and so we closed the mine, waiting until the overproduction of gold would again make conditions favorable.

"Will Bryan be elected? Not at all. He hasn't the remotest chance. At first many people were with him, misled by delusions. Now they have had time to think, and the battle has been lost for some time. I know Mr. Bryan well. He's a very smart fellow. He's always had his fingers in the public crib; that is, he's a born politician. I don't think he believes a word he preaches. I call him a calamity howler. He relies upon talking for a living, and, of course, business men and the intelligent voters sooner or later find him out.

"I know Teller very well, too. Used to work side by side with him in Colorado. He stood in the water with his pick and we were fellow-laborers."

"Isn't Mr. Teller an example of a man with silver interests who does believe in free silver?" was asked.

"No; it is perfectly true he hasn't any silver mine. He never was a success at silver mining or any other kind of mining. His ability lies in the same direction as Bryan's. He's a politician and has made his living by talking. He, too, is a smart, plausible fellow. He always was plausible. I supported him for a good many offices. Now that he seeks personal glory by becoming a calamity howler, of course I must repudiate him. Why, I remember when gold was a drug on the market and silver was way up. All these troubles will be regulated soon by the miners themselves. Gold mining now occupies the attention of miners. When there is plenty of gold our mine and other mines will turn out enough silver to pay big dividends again. The silver mine owners, in my opinion, have no reason to worry. Their troubles will soon be over."—Detroit Free Press

crops or of their labor by simply ordering 53-cents' worth of silver to be labeled "one dollar," they will be made the victims of political bunco steers who will pocket all the profits of the fraud and leave them much poorer than before.—Baltimore Sun.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

¶The silver mine owners do not appear to be so enthusiastic that they are beating down the odds on McKinley to any appreciable extent.—Chicago Post.

¶The silver candidate would rather be president than be right; but there are strong reasons for the belief that he will never be either.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

¶The struggle for free coinage does not seem to have a favorable effect on the price of silver. Since the first of this month the price has decreased one cent an ounce.—Toledo Bee.

¶The fact that the farmers of Nebraska are riding 20 and 30 miles to attend republican meetings does not go to show that the candidate of three parties is likely to carry his own state.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

¶The silver in a silver dollar at today's quotation is worth 49.8 cents, and this would be the measure of all wages, salaries, pensions, annuities and other values were such dollars to be freely coined.—Albany Journal.

¶Cheap money and cheap labor go together, and labor is made so cheap by the money, which has lost half its purchasing power in 20 years, that human effort is cheaper than dumb animals for bearing the burdens which in better countries are borne by beasts or by steam. If, after reading this report by accredited representatives of labor organizations, a wage-earner can vote for the silver standard he must prefer to sacrifice his interests to the millionaires of the silver mine trust.—Indianapolis Journal.

EX-SPEAKER CRISP DEAD.

The Noted Georgian Passes Away at Atlanta, Ga.—His Career.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 24.—Charles F. Crisp, the ex-speaker of the house of representatives, died here yesterday very suddenly and unexpectedly. He had long been troubled with heart disease, but had not recently been in bad health.

A Sketch of His Career.

Charles Frederick Crisp was born in Sheffield, Eng., January 29, 1845, while his parents were on a theatrical trip abroad, both being actors. He obtained his education in the Georgia public school and served in the Confederate army from the outbreak of the rebellion till he was made a prisoner of war in 1864. At the close of the war he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1866, and in 1872 was appointed solicitor-general of the southwestern judicial district of Georgia. In 1877 he was appointed judge of the superior court, which position he filled for several years. In 1882 he resigned to go to Congress.

The principal work done by Mr. Crisp during his first term in Congress, which went for nothing at the time, was to apply himself most diligently to acquiring an extended knowledge of the business of the house. The technical ammunition thus stored up is what availed him so much later on, especially when leading the democratic minority in defense of those democrats fairly elected whom the republicans tried to turn out in the last Congress.

When Mr. Crisp's third term in Congress began with the meeting of the Fifty-fifth Congress, the house realized that Georgia had an able one to represent her. It was supposed that on the assembling of the Fifty-fifth Congress in 1887 Mr. Crisp would be appointed chairman of one of the committees upon which he had served. An accidental happening, however, prevented it. For the second time in the history of Congress the seat of the speaker was contested, and in this case Mr. Carlisle declined to appoint the committee on elections. After consideration it was agreed that nine members should be elected by the democrats and six by the republicans. The democratic caucus unanimously selected Mr. Crisp to act as chairman of that committee. Could he have foreseen the opportunity which was here presented to him he would have welcomed it with delight. As it was, he accepted it as a duty, believing that he had temporarily got off from the road to disaster.

Mr. Crisp was chosen speaker of the Fifty-second Congress after such a long and rather animated contest with aspirants of his own party in caucus that the election was not made until the house's session began. When the Fifty-third Congress convened he was re-elected without opposition.

SHOT HIS EMPLOYER.

A Kansas City Bookkeeper Murders the President of a Grain Company.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 24.—Drunk and frenzied by real or imaginary tyranny on the part of his employer, Fred H. Waitt, bookkeeper for the International Export and Grain Co., shot Morris Landa, president of the company, in the offices of the firm, 605-7 Exchange building, at 5:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Death resulted in 15 minutes, the bullet having pierced the lower part of the heart. Before he knew his victim was dead, and while the revolver with which he committed the deed was still smoking, Waitt walked up to a telephone, and calling up Issa Landa, brother of the man he had shot and manager of the Southern Grain Co., with offices in the Gibraltar building, told him what had happened. "You had better come over here," he said. "I have just killed your brother." It was while he was still at the telephone that the murderer was arrested, Officer W. J. Nichols running in at this point and placing his hand on Waitt's shoulder.

TEXAS FEVER EXPERIMENTS.

Wonderful Results of Dr. Connaway's Experiments at Columbia.

COLUMBIA, Mo., Oct. 24.—Dr. W. J. Connaway, of the state university, has achieved some fine results in his experiments with the Texas fever. It will be remembered that in connection with the state board of agriculture the experimental station has been conducting these tests with Texas cattle. Heretofore the Texas ticks produced the disease upon native cattle within 12 days, and the cattle died inside of 15 days. Dr. Connaway made an anti-toxine from the serum of immunized Texas cattle, which was then injected into a native cow. A sufficient number of ticks to produce the disease were then placed upon her, but after 35 days she shows no effect whatever, but is healthy and growing fleshy. This experiment's success will be invaluable to cattle producers.

Expelled for Heterodoxy.

DANVILLE, Ill., Oct. 24.—By a vote of fifteen to eight the Presbyterian synod of Illinois has expelled Rev. Frank B. Vrooman, of Chicago. The charges brought against him were purely questions as to his orthodoxy. They were first brought before the Chicago presbytery last spring, the decision then being overwhelmingly in his favor. The case was then brought before the state synod. Mr. Vrooman is a son-in-law of Gen. John C. Black, ex-United States commissioner of pensions.

Going Home to Vote.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—The executive departments are beginning to show the thinning out incident to an approaching presidential election. All the departments have furnished campaign orators and from the treasury alone no less than 15 officers or employees are actually engaged in campaign talk. There will be an unusual exodus of democratic officials and clerks who will vote this year.

The Practice of Warfare.

FORT RILEY, Kan., Oct. 24.—The exercises now in progress at Fort Riley by United States cavalry, artillery and infantry, illustrating the principles of minor tactics, are the most instructive of the kind ever held in this country, and approximate as nearly to real war as possible when the two sides are really friends and the cartridges contain only powder.